

March 15, 1977 Monday

Dear Vicki and Jimmy,

It has and still is a very rainy day and this morning there was even a little snow but it didn't last. I would like to have a big snow storm as it looks so pretty but I don't want it to last.

Saturday night we went to the Swedish Club for dinner and then played bridge with Bensons. We got home at one o'clock and I went to bed but dad stayed up until three watching a late movie. The Donnelly's stopped over Sunday afternoon for a few minutes as John can be off from his oxygen for a little while.

Your letter came today and I think the remodeled barn sounds just wonderful. It makes me wish I had married a contractor and builder. I hope we will be able to see their place some time. I think it would be a lot of fun fixing up an unusual place like that. Mike's folks are doing something like that on the place they have in Kettle Falls, and his father has retired and enjoys that kind of work.

So Vicki, you are now going to start going out of town on business. It sounds exciting and I am sure it will be. It took your letter a long time to get here as it was postmarked the 9th and just arrived today, the 14th. Sometimes the mail goes thru in two days.

I hear dad has just come in so I will run upstairs and say hello to him and finish this in a few minutes. This is in the morning now and it is still raining out and I like it. I have to take Marie Donnelly into

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Seattle this morning as she has an appointment. She is afraid to drive into town so I have been taking her in every week. I think this is her last appointment and I hope so.

Diane drank all of her medicine as Mary mixed it with grape juice so there was no more problem. She has to see the doctor Wednesday and I am sure he will say her ears are just fine. He had better because I am sure they are. I had better stop for now and go to the post office and then to the super market before I picked Marie up.

Good luck on your tennis matches, Jimmy. Dad asked Sandi if she thought she could beat you and she said you were too good for her. He told her how good at it you are also Vicki.

I hope you had a good dinner at the French Restaurant and I will write again soon.

Love,

Mom.

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